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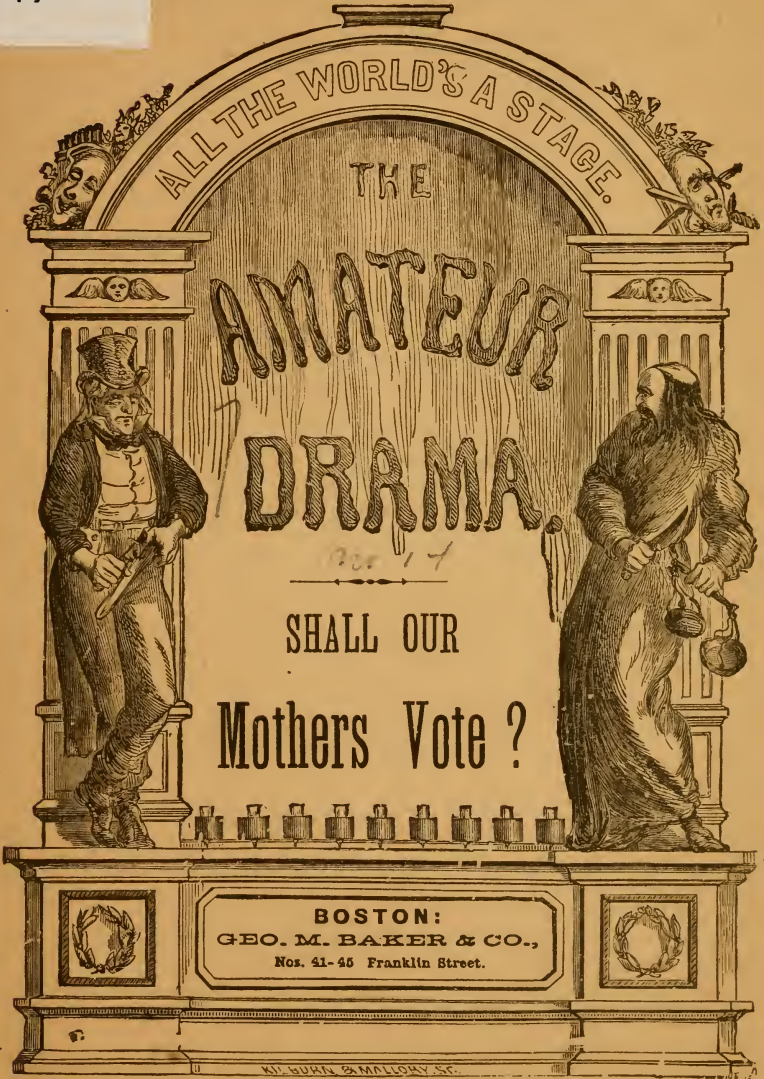
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SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE?

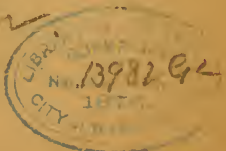
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BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sylvia's Soldier," "Once on a Time," "Down by the Sea," "Bread on the Waters,"
"The Last Loaf," "Stand by the Flag," "The Tempter," "A Drop Too Much," "We're
All Teetotales," "A Little More Cider," "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments,"
"Wanted, a Male Cook," "A Sea of Troubles," "Freedom of the Press," "A
Close Shave," "The Great Elixir," "The Man with the Demijohn," "New
Brooms Sweep Clean," "Humors of the Strike," "My Uncle the Captain,"
"The Greatest Plague in Life," "No Cure, No Pay," "The Grecian
Bend," "The War of the Roses," "Lightheart's Pilgrimage,"
"The Sculptor's Triumph," "Too Late for the Train," "Snow-
Bound," "The Peddler of Very Nice," "Bonbons," "Capu-
letta," "An Original Idea," "Enlisted for the War,"
"Never say Die," "The Champion of her Sex,"
"The Visions of Freedom," "The Merry Christ-
mas of the Old Woman who lived in a
Shoe," "The Tournament of Idylcourt,
"A Thorn among the Roses,"
"A Christmas Carol,"
"One Hundred
Years Ago,"
&c.

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George Melville Baker



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1876.

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19 Spring Lane.

SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE?

CHARACTERS.

JOHN READY, President of the Excelsior Debating Club.

JAMES ROSE, Secretary.

TOM SLOWBOY, Treasurer.

SAM SLY,

FRANK WILSON,

CHARLEY BOARDMAN,

FRANK BLACK (*colored*),

ISAAC PEARL,

PERCY KIMBALL,

NORVAL YOUNG,

MIKE SHEA,

} Debaters.

SCENE. — *Room, President's Desk and Chair, c. Secretary, Table, and Chair, r. of Desk. Four Chairs r., and five Chairs l. The whole arranged in a semicircle back.*

(*Enter r., JOHN READY, followed by SLOWBOY.*)

Ready. Treasury entirely empty, you say, Slowboy?

Slowboy. Not a dollar, not the minutest particle of

scrip, not even that very small specimen of hard money — a nickel.

Ready. Where has it gone? It was only a month ago we collected the annual assessment.

Slowboy. And it was only last week we had our great debate on "The Influence of Peace," in which our members became so much interested, that four panes of glass were broken, the looking-glass smashed, one chair received a broken back, and another had a compound fracture of one of its legs. Of course, all these little eccentricities of genius must be paid for; and the treasury is empty. If this is one of the influences of peace, we had better change the subject.

Ready. The members were a little emphatic on that occasion; but it was a glorious debate; and the question, "Resolved, that Peace is the foundation of Prosperity," was carried before we broke up.

Slowboy. Yes; and 'twas the peace party broke up the furniture, and smashed the windows.

Ready. Ah, Slowboy, I fear you bear malice; for you, if I recollect aright, were one of the war party.

Slowboy. My voice is still for war.

Ready. We must find some way to fill the treasury. I fear the members will not stand taxation.

Slowboy. With the storied memories of their plucky forefathers before them in this centennial year, I should say, not a cent. It must be raised by fines. The peace party have carried the day. Let us have peace.

Ready. I do not understand you.

Slowboy. My plan is very simple. We are constantly interrupted in debate. There's that Sam Sly,

for instance. Heretofore you have tried to suppress the interruption with the remark, "The gentleman is out of order;" whereupon the *gentleman* subsides until he feels like breaking out again. And they do break out often, especially Sly. Now, I propose to fine a member, for each and every interruption, five cents. Some of them will find it impossible to keep quiet; and our treasury will fill rapidly.

Ready. That's quite an idea — if it can only be made to work.

Slowboy. I think it can. And if we succeed, Sam Sly will pay dear for this night's debate.

Ready. Sam Sly again. Slowboy, I fear you are malicious. Sly is one of our best debaters; and because you do not agree on all points —

Slowboy (angrily). We agree on no point. He's a saucy, conceited chap, that's forever interrupting. I never attempted to declaim in school, but what he was at my elbow, with his insulting —

Sly. (*Who has entered r., in time to be at SLOWBOY'S elbow.*) Charcoal!

Slowboy. O, confound you! here you are!

Sly. Yes, here I am, Slowboy, ready to be confounded, if not convinced, by your arguments against mother suffrage. — Good evening, Mr. President.

Ready. Good evening, Sam. Are the boys coming?

Sly. Yes, sir, close at hand,

"All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight."

(*They retire up, and stand at desk, talking together.*)

(Enter R., ISAAC PEARL and FRANK WILSON, speaking as they enter.)

Isaac. Lew Bunker caught him out on the fly.

Frank. Ah! What did he say to that? (They pass to L., and whisper together.)

(Enter PERCY KIMBALL and CHARLEY BOARDMAN, speaking.)

Percy. "Does your mother know you're out?"

Charley. He said that — did he? (They pass to L., and stand whispering together.)

(Enter NORVAL YOUNG and MIKE SHEA, speaking as they enter, followed by FRANK BLACK.)

Norval. Well done, brave archer.

Mike. He was out on the fly.

Black. Out on de fly! Away wid yer nonsense. Dat ar Bunker can't fly — ain't got de wings.

Mike. Aisy, will ye, Blackey? Don't I tell yez 'twas a ball?

Black. O, quit foolin'. Dey don't fly at a ball; dey dance — so. (*Shuffles.*)

Mike. Out, ye heathen! I'll not disturb yer ignorance.

Ready. (*Takes chair, and raps on table.*) The meeting will please come to order. (*All sit.* TOM SLOWBOY, R., next table; ISAAC PEARL, FRANK WILSON, next him; SAM SLY, extreme R.; NORVAL YOUNG, L., close by president's desk; then MIKE SHEA; FRANK BLACK, extreme L.) In the absence of our secretary, with the minutes, it will be necessary —

James Rose (outside). Hold on a minute! Here I am!

(*Enters R., with a pen behind his ear, a blank book under his arm, and a roll of paper in his left hand. He drops the roll, stoops to pick it up, and the pen drops from his ear. Stoops for that, and drops the book; picks up that, and places pen behind his ear, when he goes through the same performance again.*)

Slowboy. Seems to me the secretary is behind time; he should be fined.

Sly. Don't you see he is picking up the minutes he has lost. (*This just as the secretary is picking up his book a second time. All groan.*)

Slowboy. Puns should be fined.

Sly. You'd never find one, Slowboy. (*All groan.*)

Ready (rapping). Order, gentlemen. (*Secretary goes to his place.*) The first business in order is the reading of the records of the last meeting.

Sly (jumping up). I move, Mr. President, the reading be dispensed with. (*Sits.*)

Slowboy (jumping up). Mr. President, I hope the motion will not prevail. (*Sits.*)

Sly (rising). Mr. President, the records of our regular were read at our last special, when we voted to adjourn immediately after the reading. I don't see any necessity for reading them again at this time, unless the gentleman who objects is unable to understand them at one reading. (*Sits.*)

Slowboy (jumping up). Mr. President, does Sam Sly mean —

Ready (rapping). The gentleman is out of order. The calling of names is unparliamentary. Is the motion to omit the reading seconded?

Frank. Second the motion.

Sly. Question!

Slowboy. Mr. President —

All. (Except SLOWBOY, president, and secretary.) Question! Question!

Black. Question afore de meetin'-house.

Mike. O, hush yer pate! Yez always howlin'.

Ready. It is moved and seconded, that the reading of the records be dispensed with. All those in favor will manifest it by the usual sign. (*All raise hands except SLOWBOY.*) Contrary minded. (*SLOWBOY'S hand up.*) It is a vote.

Black. (To MIKE.) Dat ar feller jes like a mule.

Mike. Always kickin' up.

Sly (aside). Had him there.

Ready. The meeting is open for business.

Slowboy (jumping up). Mr. President.

Ready. Mr. Slowboy.

Slowboy. Mr. President, in view of the many interruptions by which the more orderly have been made to suffer, and in consequence of the low state of our treasury, I move, sir, that, during our deliberations and discussions this evening, any member interrupting another in the orderly progress of debate, shall be fined for each and every offence the sum of five cents. (*Sits. All groan.*)

Sly (rising). Mr. President.

Ready. Mr. Sly.

Sly. Mr. President, although I seldom agrée with the views of the gentleman who has just made the motion, finding those views in general to be cumbrous, old-fashioned, and unsuited to the progressive spirit which I trust animates our councils, yet, in this case, his motion is so manifestly in accord with the spirit of harmony and good order for which I have always been an ardent worker (*SLOWBOY groans*), that I hasten, sir, to second the motion.

Ready. It is moved and seconded, that any member, interrupting another in the orderly progress of debate be fined for each and every offence the sum of five cents. The motion is before the meeting.

Several. Question! Question!

Ready. The question is called for. Those in favor of the motion will manifest it. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a unanimous vote. Is there any further business to come before the meeting? (*Pause.*) We will then proceed with the debate. (*Reads.*) "Resolved, that the good of mankind, the purity of the ballot-box, and the interest of society, demand that our mothers shall vote." Mr. Isaac Pearl will open in the affirmative, Mr. Percy Kimball in the negative. (*Sits.*)

Frank Wilson (rising). Mr. President, I move that the question be amended by the addition of grandmothers. I don't think they should be slighted, and I've got a splendid one.

Charley Boardman. I've got an aunt Hannah; can't you put her in?

Mike (jumping up). Troth, put in the coozens too. What could an Irishman do widout his coozens!

Ready. Gentlemen, you are all entirely out of order.

Slowboy (jumps up). Then fine them, Mr. Secretary, put down Wilson, Boardman, Shea, —

Ready. Not quite so fast, Mr. Slowboy; they have made no interruption. I should have said the amendments were out of order, as the question for debate chosen at a previous meeting cannot be amended at a subsequent. Mr. Pearl, you have the floor. (SLOWBOY sits.)

Isaac Pearl (rising). Mr. President, this is an age of progress, and I think the Literary Debaters of this society in the selection of the resolution on which I have the honor to speak in the affirmative here, have shown a commendable spirit of enterprise, which will be rewarded with the grateful plaudits of a ransomed nation, when woman, granted her rights, shall wield with man an equal power in the government of this enlightened community. (Cries of "Good," "Good," and clapping of hands from those who speak in the affirmative.)

Slowboy (jumping up). Fines! Fines! Mr. President, this is out of order. Put down Sly, and —

Ready. Order, Mr. Slowboy. Judicious applause is always allowable in our debates. Sit down. (SLOWBOY sits.) Go on, Mr. Pearl.

Pearl. And who should have the first place in the moving march of reform? Who are best fitted to have a voice in the government? Who are heaven-born electors? Our mothers, sir. Is not their first duty government? Who govern us? Who have governed the greatest men that ever lived? Mothers.

They teach our infant lips the language of our country. They lead our infant steps in the path of duty. They spur us on to excel, and guard our ways with good counsel. Give them the ballot, and their influence will make better laws. Give them the ballot, and the ward-room and the election-booths will be cleansed of corruption. Give them the ballot, and society will be an ever-changing spectacle of wrongs crushed out, and reforms working goodness, purity, and peace, while justice, exalted to the highest place, shall ever crown the earnest worker with the laurels of victory. (*Applause, and cries of "Good."* PEARL sits.)

Black. (To MIKE.) Dat's so. It jes take de bullets to crush up de spe'tacles, an — an —

Mike. Whisht yer blarney. Ye's on the ither side.

Ready. Mr. Percy Kimball has the floor.

Percy (rising). Mr. President and Gentlemen, are we prepared to accept the views of the gentleman who has preceded me, and forever submit to petticoat government? He has spoken eloquently, I admit; but, sir, truth is above the vapid utterances of an impassioned harangue, which, I doubt not, has been carefully compiled from all the speeches of the last fifty years. What! are we to be forever tied to our mothers? Are we to give up the bright anticipations of the future, when we are to have stiff-tailed coats and long-crowned beavers, and to cut loose from our mothers' apron-strings, and do just as we please? (*Applause, and cries of "Good," "Good," from the speakers on the negative.*)

Sly (rising). Mr. President —

Slowboy (jumping up). An interruption. Fine him, Mr. President. Mr. Secretary, put down Sam Sly five cents.

Sly. Mr. President, I rise to a point of order.

Ready. State your point, Mr. Sly.

Sly. The gentleman who has the floor has introduced such wild fashions — stiff-crowned coats and long-tailed beavers — as to seriously affect the aspect of the question. I respectfully ask that he keep to the question.

Ready. Your point is well taken, Mr. Sly. The speaker will be more careful in future.

Slowboy. Ain't Sly going to be fined?

Ready. No, sir. He had a right to object. You, sir, were the interrupter, and must be fined. Mr. Secretary, fine Mr. Slowboy five cents. (*SLOWBOY sits down in a huff.*)

Black. Dat are Slowboy, he's got no sense.

Mike. Begorra, that's brought him to his five sines, onyhow.

Sly (aside). Had him there.

Ready. Go on, Mr. Kimball.

Percy. I should have said stiff-tailed coats and long-crowned beavers. No, no, — long-crowned coats and stiff-tailed beavers. No, no. Plague take it — they've put me out. No, Mr. President, I'm down on the Mother movement. Fair play is a jewel. Mothers govern us until we are free; once free, 'tis Man's privilege to govern them, and I am not in favor of giving up one iota of our manly privileges, when we get them. (*Sits. Applause by the negative.*)

Ready. Gentlemen, the question has been opened on both sides, and is now ready for general debate.

All (jumping up). Mr. President —

Ready (rapping). Order, gentlemen; one at a time. Mr. Frank Wilson has the floor. (*All sit but FRANK.*)

Frank (speaks very fast). Mr. President, I'm in favor of mothers voting, 'cause I've got a mother, and she's smarter and better than any man that ever lived. She ain't going to be abused if I can help it. I'd like to know where us fellows would have been if we hadn't had any mothers? Who's so kind as they are, who has a lot of cookies tucked away when we come home hungry —

Slowboy (jumping up). What's cookies got to do with voting?

Ready. Mr. Slowboy, you are out of order. Fine Slowboy five cents, Mr. Secretary.

Slowboy. Mr. President, I've just as much right to object to cookies as Sly has to long-tailed hats.

Ready. Mr. Sly rose on a point of order, and addressed the chair; you interrupted the speaker; be seated. (*SLOWBOY sits.*) Go on, Mr. Wilson.

Frank. Yes; and I do like to know, when a fellow has the ear-ache, who knows just where to put her hand on something to stop it; and when a fellow gets a crack in the skull at base-ball, who knows where to find a piece of brown paper; and when a fellow strikes his toe and comes home limping, who knows how to cure it up with Russia salve? (*Sly takes a pin from his coat, passes his hand behind those next him, and at this point sticks it into SLOWBOY.*)

Slowboy (*jumping up*). O, O, O, confound you, Ike Pearl!

Ready. Mr. Slowboy, you are out of order.

Slowboy. Well, I guess you'd be, with a big pin stuck into your arm! 'Twas that Ike Pearl.

Pearl (*rising*). Mr. President, I indignantly deny the charge.

Slowboy. Well, I felt the charge, anyhow, right on my crazy bone.

Ready. Be seated, sir. You are fined five cents. (*SLOWBOY sits.*)

Frank. Yes, sir, Russia salve, "great Nature's balm." Why, our mothers; and I think if Uncle Sam had a few of them in the government, we shouldn't have the President with the ear-ache because so many office-seekers are hanging round it; nor so many cracked skulls on the battle-field; nor so many broken toes when fellows run so fast for office. That's the sort of mother's boy I am; and if something ain't done pretty quick, if they don't put our mothers in office and let 'em vote pretty soon, the country will go to smash, and the glorious bird of freedom go limping round with a cracked skull and a crushed toe, crying out, "Mother! Mother!" and there shall be no mother to console him! (*Applause. He sits.*)

Mike. Be jabbers, his fut's down on that.

Black. Yes, indeed, he's a toe-mater.

Norval (*jumping up*). Mr. President—

Ready. Mr. Young.

Norval. My name is Norval—

Slowboy. O, pshaw! this is no time for declamations.

Ready. Mr. Secretary, fine Mr. Slowboy five cents for interruption.

Slowboy. Mr. President; this is unjust.

Ready. Those who make laws should submit to them. Mr. Young said his name was Norval. Has he made a misstatement? — Be silent, sir. — Go on.

Norval (with a theatrical air). My name is Norval — Young. You all know me. I am a boy; but, sir, I scorn to utter such childish nonsense as has just proceeded from the mouth of the gentleman who has preceded me. He talks like a boy, like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. I dare do all that may become a man: who dares do more is none. Get thee to a nunnery, or a nursery, thou valiant gentleman, who prattles so sillily of Russia salve, and brown paper, and cookies. Give mothers bonnets, not ballots. They are not fitted for the stern alarms of the political camp. I haven't got much to say on this question, for, like Othello, rude am I in speech, and little skilled in the set phrase of peace. But I am opposed to giving mothers the ballot. Let mothers be content to fit us for the political field, where,

“Blow, winds, come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back!”

Black. Hear dat! hear dat! Dat's a clincher.
Way up! way up!

Mike. Yis, up the spout. — Mr. President —

Ready. Mr. Shea.

Mike. Mr. President, sir, yer honor, it is my privilege to stand in this august confederacy of brave and

inlightened deliberators, on the side av our female mithers. Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor, in my opinion the ballot should be in the strongest hands : and haven't I a mither? To be sure I have. Don't yees all know her? Haven't yees all, wid ginerous heart, patronized her panut-stand? To be sure yees have. An' me mither, Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor, is the head av the house at home. She can knock me daddy down wid a broomstick before he can lift his arm to stay the impending crisis. She's the spryest on the fut. Haven't I seen her chase the daddy from attic to cellar, and pin him in the coal-hole; and he wid threé minutes the start, too? Don't she always bate him in a fistic encounter? An' as for strong lungs, whoop! she can out-talk a regiment widout takin' breath. Would I go back on me mither? Niver, Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor; for didn't she tell me wid her own mitherly lips that if I said a word agin her having the ballot here to-night, she'd flay me alive whin I came home? An', Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor, me fray opinion is, that mithers should have the ballot. (*Sits.*)

Charley Boardman (rises). Mr. Prsident, *Ready.* Mr. Boardman.

Charley. Mr. Prsident, when a fellow comes here and tells us what his mother told him to say, and ain't got no opinion of his own, I think he'd better be sent home in quick order, to meet the punishment his cowardice merits.

Mike (jumping up). What's that? A coward — am I?

Ready. Order, Mr. Shea. Secretary, fine Mr. Shea five cents for interruption.

- Slowboy.* Good, good! Serves him right.
- Ready.* Also fine Mr. Slowboy five cents.
- Slowboy.* Mr. President, I protest —
- Ready.* Be silent, sir. — Go on, Mr. Boardman.
- Charley.* I've no more to say, Mr. President. But if the male Shea deems himself affronted by my allusion to the female Shea, I am ready to meet him on neutral ground behind the school-house. But let us have no *she* government. (*Sits.*)
- Sam Sly (rising).* Mr. President —
- Slowboy (rising).* Mr. President —
- Ready.* Mr. Sly has the floor.
- Slowboy.* No, sir; I rose first, and I demand my rights.
- Ready.* I certainly heard Mr. Sly's voice first.
- Slowboy.* I will not be put down in this manner.
- Ready.* Fine Mr. Slowboy five cents.
- Slowboy.* This is unjust, sir. I demand a hearing.
- Ready.* Fine Mr. Slowboy five cents again.
- Slowboy.* But, sir, I rise to a point of order. I appeal from your decision.
- Ready.* Mr. Slowboy appeals from the decision of the chair. Those in favor of sustaining the chair in its decision will please manifest it. (*All up but SLOWBOY.*) Contrary minded. It is a unanimous vote. Mr. Slowboy, be seated. Mr. Sly, you have the floor.
- Sly.* Mr. President, I am very sorry to disappoint my young friend, and I willingly give way to allow him the floor. (*Sits.*) Had him there.
- Slowboy (rising).* Mr. President.
- Ready.* Mr. Slowboy.

Slowboy. I cannot be insensible to the kindness of the gentleman who has given way. If his politeness had come a little sooner it might have saved me some expense. Still I am obliged to him.

Sly (rising and bowing). Not at all, Mr. Slowboy. *(Sits.)*

Slowboy (quickly). An interruption, Mr. President. Fine him!

Ready. I decline to, sir. He very politely acknowledged your courtesy. If politeness is to be fined, you will have to introduce a new motion.

Slowboy (aside). Confound him. *(Aloud)* Mr. President, the question to-night is, Should mothers vote, or should they not vote? I am opposed to any such violation of the rights of men. Give mothers the right to vote, and at one fell swoop you overturn the pillars of state. Give them the right, and they will possess themselves of the reins of government, and our halls of legislation would be turned into nurseries. Instead of the indignant protest of our carpet-bag senators, would be heard the wail of the infant. Instead of the chink of gold in our custom-houses, the sound of the scrubbing-brush; and courts and halls would echo with the scandal of sewing-circles and tea-fights. No, sir. Let us stand firm against any encroachments of our rights. Let us oppose the coming wave of change, drive back the onward charge of mothers' suffrage, and, with our backs against the rock of manly rights, cry, in the words of the psalmist, —

"This rock shall flee
From its firm base as soon as we."

(Sits. Applause.)

Black (rises). Mr. President, sar.

Ready. One moment, Mr. Black. Mr. Sly has the floor.

Sly. I give way to the gentleman of color, Mr. President.

Black. Mr. President, sar, wh-wh-what all dis talk about mudder sufferings, hey? Does dis ole mudder suffer any more dan dé boy she foted up — I ax you? Don't we git lammed and cuffed? and are we agwine ter gib up our glorious heresy ob freedom jes when we got our cibbil rights — I ax you? Wh-whose mudder suffers — I ax you? Am she white, or am she black? Wh-what she got to do wid de question upon dis meeting-house? I wish de gemlem over de right and de gemlem over de left would stick to de question, — Shall mudders' vote, or shall they not vote? — not keep a bringin' ole mudder sufferings into de fight. I don't kere which side licks, as I ain't got no mudder; and nebber had none; but I gwine in for unibersal freedom, and de Declaration of Independence, an' — an' de star-spangled banner, onto ebery school-house in de land, and de colored man on top ob de wood-pile. (*Sits. Applause.*)

Sly (rising). Mr. President, so much has been said on both sides of this question, that my feeble voice need not be raised on this occasion.

Slowboy. Then sit down.

Ready. Order, gentlemen. One more fine for Mr. Slowboy.

Sly. But, sir, I should be ungrateful to the mother that bore me, did I not pronounce her worthy to stand

forth, clothed with the right to raise her voice and cast her vote in the government of our land. What has man accomplished for the good of mankind, the purity of the ballot-box, and the welfare of society, that woman, and foremost of all, our mothers, could not accomplish, but give them the opportunity? What have they not done already? Ask the millions of heroes, who fought and bled for freedom, where they caught their first inspiration. They will tell you, at their mothers' knee. Ask the free and enlightened voter, who taught him to carefully probe political questions, and pluck the wheat from the chaff. He will tell you 'twas a mother's, a wife's, or a sister's influence. Can any work prosper without their aid? Is not society purified by their presence? Are they not in this new movement gathering to their aid the eloquence and energy of the best and noblest men? Be just, be generous. Stand by the mothers, who always stand by us; who guard, and guide, and teach us. We knew none better in our youth; we can choose none better when we reach the summit of a boy's ambition — the right to vote. (*Sits. Applause.*)

Ready. Will any other gentleman speak on the question? What is your pleasure?

Slowboy. I move we vote on the merits of the question.

Sly. Second the motion.

Ready. All in favor of adopting the resolution will manifest it in the usual manner. (*All but those who speak in the negative vote.*) Contrary minded. (*Negatives vote.*) **It is a vote.**

Black. Say, Mike, am she guilty, or am she not guilty?

Mike. O, whisht yer blarney!

Slowboy. Mr. President, I'd like to have the secretary read the list of fines.

Rose (reads). Mike Shea, five cents; Tom Slowboy, forty cents.

Slowboy. Darn it, just my luck!

Sly (rising). Mr. President. As our excellent treasurer has, like other famed inventors, fallen under the axe of his own guillotine, let us be magnanimous. I confess, sir, I must be held answerable for one of his interruptions. I move, sir, that the fines imposed this evening be remitted.

Shea (jumping up). Second the motion.

Ready. It is moved and seconded that the fines imposed this evening be remitted. Those in favor of the motion will manifest it. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a vote.

Sly. Mr. President, I move we now adjourn.

Boardman. Second the motion.

Ready. It is moved and seconded we now adjourn. Those in favor will manifest it in the usual manner. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a vote.

Slowboy (coming down). Sam Sly, you're always in luck. I thought I had you on the fines.

Sly. Did you, Slowboy? Remember the old maxim, "Curses are like young chickens, and still come home to roost."
[*Exeunt.*]

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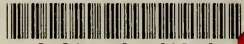
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